


PR
4099
B845s



f California
Regional
Facility



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

STANZAS TO THE QUEEN.

MERCHANT, Printer,
Ingram-Court, Fenchurch-Street.

STANZAS

TO THE

QUEEN,

WITH OTHER VERSES.

BY THE

REV. LIONEL THOMAS BERGUER.

“Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin :
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye !
Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.”

KING HENRY VIII. *Act III. Scene 1.*

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR T. AND J. ALLMAN,

PRINCES-STREET, HANOVER-SQUARE.

1820.

PR
4099
3845

TO

THE MARCHIONESS OF TAVISTOCK,

THE COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON,

AND

THE HONORABLE MRS. DAMER,

AND THROUGH THEM

TO ALL THOSE LADIES

WHO,

SUPERIOR TO PREJUDICE, AND DESPISING CALUMNY,

HAVE TESTIFIED,

BY THEIR EARLY HOMAGE TO THE QUEEN,

THEIR SENSE OF HER INJURIES

AND THEIR BELIEF IN HER INNOCENCE,

THESE STANZAS

ARE INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

Q 472 a 10 11
1845

ADVERTISEMENT.

“ It is you who have put me upon this,” said OLIVER CROMWELL to his astonished Parliament, when he offered them the last indignities, and embittered the very article of their annihilation with his ferocious insults.—“ It is *you* who have put *us* upon this,” cry the King’s ministers to their defenceless QUEEN, when they rush into both Houses, with two Bags and two Messages against Her, calling for secret inquiries, and erecting inquisitorial tribunals !

The Parliament, however, has not sympathized with the madness of Ministers, nor is it likely to make itself a party to proceedings, as anomalous in its own history, and derogatory from its dignity, as they are unconstitutional in their principle, and unjust in their application.

So long as the Queen might remain abroad, these violences were to be refrained : but the instant that her Majesty, proscribed and hunted like a wild beast from foreign courts, and even private society, appears in this country, to protest against the extension of an iniquitous Home-System, which, like the “ *Omnibus umbra locis adero*” of the Mantuan, was rendering all residences equally intolerable—all places equally a hell—to her Majesty, that instant she must be sacrificed for her temerity. Her inalienable rights, her constitutional and imprescriptible privileges, as Queen, are to be surrendered without a murmur ; she is not to be prayed for at home, nor acknowledged abroad ; but to submit, unremonstrating, to the deprivation of all her honours, and keep silence under the ban of infamy.

If an apology were necessary, for any incidental warmth of expression in the following Stanzas, the cruel circumstances of his Queen’s situation will best excuse the poet.

London,

28th June, 1820.

STANZAS TO THE QUEEN.

I.

“ RIGHT WELCOME HOME, thou high and slandered one,
Long looked for, and in exile unforget :

Thy term of bitter banishment is done—

Thy draught is drained—high Lady, linger not,
Right welcome home, for thou art pure from spot.

Oh ! linger not, but free and fearless come
To front the miscreants who thy name would blot :

Nor heed the treacherous tongues which bid thee roam,
When thy whole island realm rings out RIGHT WEL-
COME HOME !”

II.

So spoke—or meant to speak—on Dover's height,
 Gathered from near and far, the countless bands :
 And, as thy dancing banner hove in sight,
 Myriads of moving lips and beckoning hands
 Welcomed thy glad sails as they neared the sands.
 On land and sea the deafening salvo-guns
 Told royally their rightful QUEEN's demands :
 Like flame through Kent the startling tidings runs,
 And villages and towns pour forth their crowding sons.

III.

No paid applause, no hired huzzas were thine :
 The warm, full heart ran over at the eyes,
 Through that long, living, and unbroken line—
 Where every age, and rank, and sex, and size,
 Sent shout and sob alternate to the skies.
 Plough, spade, and flail were left—the field and grove—
 The hind to meet thee, and to bless thee, flies :
 From coast to capital the masses move
 In one tumultuous throng of triumph, joy, and love.

IV.

She comes, she comes—the QUEEN, too long estranged—

Abroad insulted, and at home belied :

She comes!—with *features*, as her fortunes changed—

Her blue eye flinging far on every side

The long, glad glance of gratitude and pride.

Open thy gates, thou City of the Throne,

A partner comes, its splendors to divide :

Grace, favor, lenity,—she calls for none,

But all unchampioned comes, and seeks her rights alone.

V.

Single, but strong in innocence ! as erst,

The immaculate Hebrew—glory of her time—

Daring her false accusers to their worst,

Stood at the judgment-seat, in beauty's prime,

*CHELCIAS' *convicted* daughter—clear from crime !

But her tears called to heaven—and *thine* shall call

Against the traitors who thy soul would lime :

Let not their dark divan thy heart appal,

Thou dost not friendless stand—thou shalt not helpless fall.

VI.

Kings cater not for headsman—as erewhile,

When the axe wept with one continual flood,
And hate in daylight smote, nor needed guile :

That golden age, that carnival of blood—
High holiday for Moloch, and his brood—

When PEMBROKE pleased the monster-king, who fed
The scaffold with the delicate form he woo'd :

Bright in her throne, and stainless in her bed,
Wife, queen, and victim—all—to that dark man of dread !

VII.

He might have loathed her now, nor *dare* to touch her.

Though his wrath writhed him, impotent to kill :
The heart, but not the knife of BOLEYN'S butcher,

Inhuman, may revive—but harmless still ;
Compelled to spare, though ever prompt to spill !

Yet would thy firm soul still disdain to fly,
Dear QUEEN, begirt with treachery and ill ;

And scorn to live disgraced, and beg to die,
If honour might not shame, and truth confound a lie.

VIII.

True, thou hast lost thy guardian :—HE is gone,
 Who stayed thy footstep on life's slippery steep,
 And let thee, trembling, lean against his throne :
 Who wiped thy wetted cheek when thou wouldst weep,
 And put the hiss of infamy to sleep.
 Who—as his reeling reason went and came—
 While the dim lamp could one faint glimmer keep,
 Employed it still, regardless *who* should blame,
 To vindicate his niece, and put her foes to shame.

IX.

Yes ! HE is fallen—the column of thy trust—
 Rock of thy hope, and buckler 'gainst the blow :
 Peace to the dear and venerable dust :—
 Fate's awful fixture, permanent in woe,
 Silent he stood, and scarce was heard to go !
 Like the dead oak, which falls not—drear and lone !
 Mysterious monument of *himself* below,
 He died before he dropped—GOD'S WILL BE DONE !
 Blinded in sight and soul—eclipsed in sense and sun.

X.

Yet, faint not Thou:—a Nation's love shall be

Thy shield and buckler, in the Sovereign's stead:
Uncle, and friend, and father still to thee,—

In vain shall slander's traitorous bolts be sped,
And hatred strike at thy protected head.

Well was it done, and boldly, to return,
Nor by *thy* Counsellors check'd, nor *their's*, misled;
Abjured—cajoled—and threatened,—well to spurn
Briber and bribe at once—and home indignant turn.

XI.

My heart and soul were with thee in the gale,

That bore thy brave bark bounding o'er the tide—
When thronging thousands lined the shores, to hail
The Mother of that lost and peerless bride,—
Thy young hope—thus *twice* severed from thy side.

Oh, thou wert far in that dark night of pain,
When the whole realm lay humbled in its pride,
And wept for Claremont's desolate domain,
Its loved and lovely bride—but wept her all in vain!

XII.

She, too, is gone.—It was a fearful strife,

That reft the promise of that bridal morn ;

And sharp and long the fight of death and life,

When England's ROSE was by its roots uptorn—

The strife of nature, *dying to be born*.

“ Sweets to the sweet.”—O, let not grandeur stare,

Nor thou disdain—though scutcheoned folly scorn—

If humbler grief to that proud place repair,

To mix *his* tears with thine, and hang one wild wreath there !

XIII.

But where is He—the *royalized* and dowered—

Stalled, starred, and gartered, patented, and plac'd ;

On whom its gifts a lavish people showered,

And liberal in its love—with eager haste

Heaped all it could, nor ever deemed it waste ?

Whom England saw before her peers enrolled—

No peer himself, with peers' *precedence* graced :

What state expedient, cowardly and cold,

Keeps from thy kindred side the thankless LEOPOLD ?

XIV.

I say not, if thou hadst but one more daughter,
 The *pensioned* Prince perchance had shunned thee less ;
 Perchance in sympathy had crost the water,
 To weep upon thy neck in dear distress,
 And cheer thy solitude:—that were but guess.
 All that a Sovereign's Heiress could confer,
 Short of the Crown—*She* gave him to possess:
 Yet—strange, how bane and antidote concur—
 Death *saved* the Crown from him, *in robbing it of Her!*—

XV.

Daughterless QUEEN, thou art not all deserted,
 Small thanks to thy Child's widower—yet, not all:
 Even now, thy guilty foes are disconcerted—
 Shame hovers o'er the closeted cabal,
 And malice fears her perjured proofs to call.
 Where, who, *what* are they—whence, and how, and when?
 Forsworn like her of old to work thy fall:
 Bring forth your corps of *Douglases*, dark men—
 What credit shall be given to the paid perjurer's pen?

XVI.

Bring out the scamp, OMPTEDA—bring him out,
 Studded with Guelphic stars, thick strown and shining—
 Ejected even from *Italy* with a shout :
 Dirty diplomatist, no job declining,
 Ambassador's and picklock's art combining :—
 Light-fingered, and *light-heeled* to shift the scene—
Mercury of ministers—on his god refining—
 Confront the scoundrel Baron with his QUEEN,
 And give him the King's seal for his improved machine.

XVII.

No, no : not all the poison slander breathes
 One grace can tarnish, or one stain convey—
 The prostituted *Peachums* and *Macheaths*,
 Who lie, and larcenize, and swear for pay,
 Tutored to thieve, and chartered to betray !—
 They must be hounds of better breed and breath,
 When such a lofty quarry stands at bay,
 To dare the hazard of that dangerous death,
 Or even one venomed fang in her proud flank to sheathe.

XVIII.

What!—when vice revels in the regal eye,
 And courts, like hot-beds, with corruption steam—
 When coroneted loose ones thunder by,
 Lit by their own pollution's lurid gleam,
 Like fish, that rot and glitter on the stream—
 When toothless, pandering peeresses—grown grey
 Malgré Macassar—flaunt in folly's beam—
 Shall breasts impure, and viperous tongues as they,
 Malign *her* better life, and hoot their QUEEN away!

XIX.

Loud let them hoot: but hence thou dost not stir,
 While yet one insult unatoned remains—
 While yet one half-obliterated slur
 Leaves thee to foreign mockeries and disdains,
 And Justice still her awful scale maintains.
 Yes, yes—a yacht is ready, sail and oar—
Melville to boot—the KING is back from Staines!—
 They'd hoist thy flag on board a seventy-four,
 And victual a whole fleet—to see thee from the shore.

XX.

Can this be SHE, who fled her subjects' gaze,
 And passed the Cenis *like a thief at night*,
 With scarce a courier to provide relays—
 Mulcted of revenue, and robbed of right,
 Her rank disowned—her journey but a flight:
 Who—for her *own* Ambassador was there!
 Dreading dishonor in a Rival's sight—
 Turned from the mighty City with a tear,
 And through its fauxbourg slunk, to tell her injuries here!

XXI.

Can this be SHE, whom every office-jack
 Vied to insult, from Rome to St. Omer:
 On whom each *Thing* of tyrants turned its back—
 From tools, entrusted with a *charge d'affaires*,
 Down to the sniveling consul, and the mayor!
 Who set by stealth her unsaluted sails,
 And cast the royal standard to the air
 On board a runner of forbidden bales—
 HERSELF forbidden most, and smuggled thro' the gales!

XXII.

Concede?—no, not an *inch*, by all that's dear—

Thou art returned to *conquer*, not concede!

Let thy foiled *foes* give in, who wince with fear:

God will not fail thy righteous cause to speed,
Nor leave thee lonely in thine hour of need.

What! dares the wretched junto of St. James
Unqueen thee first, by document and deed,

Then bargain with thee to renounce thy claims—
The rights they *cannot* sconce—and barter for thy blames?

XXIII.

Prayerless and palaceless—yet brief the date,

And thou'lt have prayer and palace:—that same hand,
Which razed thee from the liturgy so late,

And shamed thee through the churches of the land,
Shall write unblemished what it barred and banned.

Nay, more—thy queenly temples to entwine—
The self-convicted Prelate *yet* may stand,

Mitred and mute—before the imperial shrine,
To right thee with thy Crown, courageous CAROLINE!

XXIV.

Undaunted LADY! thus, o'er Alps and ocean

To force thy perilous and impeded way—

Thou art remembered yet in our devotion :

And *wilt* be—while the silent heart can pray,

Or seraphs catch the unaccented lay !

Thine high appeal shall not be made in vain,

Then welcome—oh ! right welcome home to day :

This trial is thy *triumph*, not thy stain—

My LIEGE and SOVEREIGN QUEEN,—RIGHT WELCOME
HOME AGAIN !

NOTES.

Yet would thy firm soul still disdain to fly.

Stanza 7, Line 6.

That is, in such a case as we cannot well by possibility contemplate :—for even had the Queen been impeached, and found guilty, *as SUSANNA was!*—his Majesty is notoriously too *liberal* ever to think of copying an example which nobody now follows, except the gentlemen of Turkey and Algiers.

What credit shall be given to the paid perjurer's pen?

Stanza 15, Line 9.

This is no insinuation against any *particular perjurers*, nor does it even imply that the perjurers are paid *for* perjury :—the case is directly the reverse. But it being glaringly known, what kind of proof Ministers are panting after—*these creatures*, failing to substantiate by honest evidence what would entitle them to their *spy-money*, volunteer the *perjury*, to obtain the *pay*.

And give him the King's Seal for his improved machine.

Stanza 16, Line 9.

The King's Seal is appended to all Letters Patent.—The famous *Barrington*, we remember, invented a machine, which had a great run among his contemporary pickpockets; but this *Barrington* of *Barons*, appears to have *improved* upon the original invention, by extending it to *desks* and *drawers*.

INFAMES ambo ; si quid *mea* carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos exinet ævo !

Since the above was printed, the miserable subject of it, hunted from pillar to post, is dead of a fever, brought on by fright and shame.

The whole of the foregoing STANZAS were written, and *printed*, long before the Report of the LORDS' COMMITTEE upon the *green bag*, as will be evident from many passages.

I dare not trust myself to remark further upon such a flagrant document, than that its Composers have manifestly *overleapt themselves* :—and that, so far from *detaching* any of her friends from the QUEEN, such an obvious prejudication will only tend to *unite and consolidate the people around her*.

It is the beautiful excellence of our laws, that they do not confound accusation with crime, but adjudge *innocence*, till guilt is *proved*.—Whether the present proceedings against her MAJESTY bear the stamp of *that characteristic impartiality*, I humbly leave the seventeen Lords to determine.

STANZAS.

Written on a view of the English Shores from the Heights of Boulogne, and
from Bonaparte's Pillar, in October, 1818.

I.

LIKE a sea-nymph beside her own element standing,
Fair from the waters thou risest, **BOULOGNE** :
When I pace the high headlands thy harbour commanding,
I look to thy port—but its Navy is gone !
Its flags are all struck, and they wave but in story,
Yet I fancy thee still, with thy fleets on the main :
They burst on my mind like the shadows of glory,
And I sigh for the triumphs that come not again !

II.

From the scaffolded height of thy half-finished pillar,
 Like Shinar's, deserted before it was done !
 Majestic, as erst when they braved thy flotilla,
 The white hills of Albion gleam fair in the sun.
 No yoke round her neck, and no slur on her honour,
 Unconquered in battle, immortal in song—
 It fires me to gaze from *such* bulwark upon her,
 And I thrill, when I look from *thy* ramparts, BOULOGNE !

III.

Oh, had the chieftain, who wielded thy sceptre,
 Restrained his ambition, and spirit of war,
 How proudly had FRANCE on her vantage-ground kept her,
 And her eagle still towered into climates afar !
 He slumbereth now—the dark bird of thy battle—
 But the plumes will renew, when the pinion is strong :
 And thine island-foe's shout, and his cannon's loud rattle,
 May wake thee again into glory, BOULOGNE !

IV.

Yet, breathe—if thou can'st—while the vampire of riot
 Lies crouched in thy chambers, thy vitals to drain—
 For the war-cry of “NELSON” shall burst on that quiet,
 And give thy fair town to bombardment again!
 Oh, breathe—if thou can'st—and the great God of mercies,
 In love to the nations, thy breathings prolong :—
 The guest of thy halls shall ne'er load thee with curses,
 But the phial of wrath will break o'er thee, BOULOGNE!

V.

Yet, breathe—if thou can'st—'till, more fateful than PHARO,
 He comes, with worse troubles and plagues in his train :
 The victor of LODI, the bandit of CAIRO
 Yet lives in his Son, to enslave thee again.
 What are pledges of peace, what are pacts of alliance ?
 FRANCE will forfeit them all, at the sound of his gong :
 But the treaties of Kings, that are laughed to defiance,
 Will be writ in the blood of her children. BOULOGNE!

VI.

Deep, deep they'll be writ, thou fair Tethyan city,
For vengeance is vowed on the tricolor sign :
Yet lovely thou art, and I melt into pity
To think thou must bleed for no quarrel of thine.
In the quarrel of Kings—at *their* merciless fiat—
Oh ! damned combination of mischief and wrong :
Was the dove only made for the vulture to fly at,
That *thus* on thy ramparts I reason, BOULOGNE !

A REVERIE.

My soul to those dead lips would cling,
And back to life and freshness bring,
Beautiful one!—for thou hast died
Before my thirst was satisfied.
But thou art with the worms, and *they*—
God, what a *dream* it is—shall prey
On charms, which even in death might fire,
And midst our shuddering wake desire!

Yet, GERALDINE—if it be true,
What powerful sympathy can do—
Thou shalt not all escape me, sweet:
But, in the sepulchre's retreat,

I'll snatch some portion of my booty,
 And lift the shroud that veils thy beauty—
 'Till my full soul, denied above,
There consummate her funeral love;—
 Sense, thought, and feeling steeped in night,
 While fancy acts her maddening rite!—

Death parts not lovers: death can never
 The strong, mysterious tie dis sever,
 That blends two souls in linkless bliss;
 Close, as that sex-confounding kiss,
 When Salmacis grew to her boy
 In one long, looseless clasp of joy.

So, still—thy vault for an alcove—
 I meet thee, GERALDINE—my love,
 And hold communion with thy corse,
 Impatient of the grave's divorce.
 Ever, in spirit, I repair
 To watch the *rotting ruin* there;
 As if my fancy's wild excess
 Might keep thy charms corruptionless!

ON THE
DEATH OF A YOUNG BRIDE.

Manibus date lilia plenis !

VIRGIL.

I.

AND art thou gone, whom late—so late—I knew,
In maiden loveliness and beauty blooming !
And art thou gone, thy bridal wreath so new,
Its primal sweets are still the air perfuming,
While *she* who wore it, lies beneath, consuming !—
Thy life was like a dream, or vision fair,
With angel form the captive's cell illuming ;
Whose beauties melt into the viewless air,
And leave the waking wretch to weep and wonder there !

II.

And *thou* art gone!—*I* little thought to sing

Thy funeral dirge, dear spirit :—*I*, who hung,
As if to heaven's own accents listening—

With a strange mystic pleasure on thy tongue ;
Aye fancying in its tones the syren song

My sick hopes faintly dreamed of !—*I* drew near
Once to thy side, and shunn'd the gentle throng :

Ah ! little thoughtful, 'mid that converse dear,
What foes were close at hand :—thy bridal and thy bier !

III.

Thy breast was a pure haven for the loves,

And virtues, sojourning on earth awhile :

Blending at once the gentleness of doves,

And wisdom of the snake, without its guile ;—

Truth on thy lip, and friendship in thy smile.

Sure, thou wert dear to many : yet sincerer

No heart, than mine, clung to thee—woe the while :

And oft, *I* wished that *I* had known thee *nearer*,

Yet *now*, *I* wish it not—for then, thou hadst been dearer.

MAZEPPA'S RIDE.

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

VIRGIL.

I.

BRAVE Prince of the Ukraine, high chief of the ranks,
Who rein their wild steeds on Borysthenes' banks;—
Like a shaft from the bow, over mountain and plain,
'Thou art off' for the desert, brave Prince of Ukraine!

II.

If thou come back in safety, small thanks to the COUNT,
Who saved thee the trouble, MAZEPPA, to mount;
No fear of thy fall, though thy forces decay:
'Thou art strapped to the saddle—hold Hetman, away!

III.

No gallant but thou may that courser bestride ;
No leg, save thine own, be passed over his side :
He has gained the deep forest—he sweeps through it now—
Yet—think not how ABSALOM hung in the bough !

IV.

He faints not, nor stays in his rapid career,
Though the frontier is close, and the river is near :
Twas the wild note of freedom that thrilled in his neigh ;
And he swooped in the torrent—bold Hetman, away !

V.

His brain is on fire as he strains up the bank,
And the waters fall hot from his mane and his flank !
The winds are less fleet than that steed on the heath—
But the foal of the forest will gallop to death !

VI.

He has reached the far desert—he sinks on the ground :
 Hark ! the wild horses neigh their wild brother around ;
'Tis the home of his sires : and he rests from his pain,
 Where bridle ne'er rung—in the depths of Ukraine !

VII.

Ho ! rouse thee, **MAZEPPA** ! thy cords are undone ;
*'Tis a terrible ride ;—*but a kingdom is won !
 A maid in the desert thy limbs shall array :
 For love and for vengeance—bold **Hetman**, away !

TO FANNY.*

I.

YES! I gazed, I confess it, I could not forbear,
When you stood in the window, dark FANNY, to sew:
On the shine of your eye, on the gloss of your hair,
I gazed—I confess it—I could not forego!

II.

In the toils of Arachne those fingers were busy,
Too gracile to look at, too thrilling to feel:
That so well might distil—but the thought made me dizzy—
The burning hot kiss on a love-letter seal.

* The daughter of a celebrated Innkeeper on the North Road:—written while staying to change horses, and dine, in January, 1816.

III.

Methought that you chid me, half frowning, away,
 Then methought that you called me again, with a smile :
 And the sun of that smile it was sweet to obey,
 For I deemed that *you* thought on your *gazer*, the while !

IV.

And deemed I not *rightly*, my lovely brunette—
 In silence you judged of the stranger before you :
 His eyes on your beauty were stedfastly set,
 And they seemed in your innermost soul to explore you.

V.

Did you think for a moment his glances were rude ?
 'Twas tribute—'twas homage—*you* hated it not :
 And oft you shall stand on the spot where you stood,
 But the gaze of that stranger be never forgot.

VI.

Raise an altar to love in the *traveller's room*,
For love, in his travels, will oft go astray :—
'Tis *you*, my dear FANNY, his path must illumine,
And beam on his footsteps ineffable day !

FIVE END.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

RECEIVED AUG 07 '00

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 073 748 6

